BRICHTEST OF THE LOT.



colorla.

The adjord IS THE WANT DIRECTORY. "WANTS" Printed This Year, Which Is About as Many as All the Other New York Papers Combined Contained. Every RESULT Has a CAUSE.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1888.

PRICE ONE CENT.

WHERE IS CAPT. JEWETT?

HE HAS GONE OFF ON ANOTHER OF HIS "PERIODICALS."

No News of Him Received To-Day-Much Surprise Felt at His Resignation from the Brooklyn Force—He Had Paid Off His Men Just Before He Disappeared-His Third Departure.

No tidings have yet been received as to the whereabouts of Police Capt. Henry L. Jewett, of the Ninth Precinct, Brooklyn, who mysteriously disappeared on Monday afternoon, after having resigned his position on the force.

His friends and relatives are anxious about him, as those who saw him last all agree that the ex-Captain was not drunk, and it is feared that he may have become temporarily insane. His disappearance is strange. He left the police station about 10 o'clock Monday morning, and as far as is known went direct to Police Headquarters.

There he saw Supt. Campbell and received a check for something like \$4,000 with which to pay the salaries of the men in his pre-

He went to the bank and cashed the check, and then returned to the station-house, arriving there about 11.30. He then began paying off, and finished about 1, 30 o'clock. All who saw him on that day unite in saying that he did not appear as if he had been arinking or did not do anything that would

be looked at as strange.

He went in his office and wrote a letter. He then put on his hat and coat and as he passed the Sergeant's desk he laid down a letter, requesting that it be sent to Supt. be looked at as strange.

Campbell at once. He then left the station-house, and nothing has since been seen or heard of him. The lefter which was sent to the Superintendent was as fo lows:

Dec. 24, 1888, Fo Hon. James D. Bell, Commissioner of Police: I hereby resign. Respectfully, HENRY L. JEWETT.

This was a great surprise to the Superintendent, as the Captain had said nothing at the morning conference of any intention to

resign.

A message was sent to the house asking whether the Captain had gone home, and when an answer came that he had not, it dawned upon those around the Central Office that Capt. Jewett had gone off on one of his "periodicals," for this is not the first time that the Captain has put his friends in a fever of excitement over his mysterious actions.

Less than two years ago, while in command of the Tenth Precinct, he disappeared and was gone for over ten days.

was gone for over ien days.

Detectives were sent in search of him, and be was finally found wandering around the streets of Hoboken, whither he had gone

streets of Hoboken, whither he had gone from Jersey City.

He was helplessly drunk and was in a deplorable condition.

He was taken home, and while getting over his adventure said that he thought somebody was trying to break up his family.

In police circles it was looked upon as certain that he would be dismissed, but the late Thomas Carroll, who was at that time Police Count's sloper, had a soft heart, and out of sympathy restored him to the command of his precinct.

Five years ago, on Dec. 19 he resigned, after having leen missing for saveral days.

He was at that time Chief of the Central

Office Squad, and when he returned, rather than face a trial he resigned.

It was not until some time afterwards that he was taken back, and on June 10, 1884, he was appointed to a vacant captaincy.

At other times he has been missing for a

At other times he has been missing for a day or so, but nothing ever came of it.

Capt. Jewett is tall and well-built and has short gray hair. He is forty-five years old and during the war served with Company H, Third New York Vounteers. He was appointed police drill captain in 1873.

He was promoted to the position of Inspector on April 1, 1882, but resigned on March 11, 1883. One month later he was taken back

One month later he was taken back on the force.

During his career on the force he has been on trial on five different occasions—three for neglect of duty and twice for violating

Little Ben Carried the Day.

[Indianopolis Special to Philadelphia Press.]
An incident that afforded much amusement occurred at the home of the President elect this afternoon, when General Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville, and Capt. A. H. Mattox called. During their conversation little Benjamin Harrison McKee, the grand-son of the President-elect, toddled into the parlor with a tack. Fearing that the little fellow might hurt himself, Gen. Harrison took the tack away from him. The grandson protested, but his grandfather refused to give up the tack. While the little dispute give up the tack. While the little dispute over possession was becoming more and more positive Gen. Wallace remarked aside to Capt. Mattox, "Now we will see who has the most influence with the Administration." Little Ben wouldn't yield and big Ben finally declared himself. Then came the crisis in the contest, Little Ben began crying and he gave an exhibition of vocal power that furnished very strong proof of oratorical possibilities. The conversation with the callers was stopped, but little Ben didn't stop until the tack was surrendered and then he deliberately proceeded to signalize his victory by driving the tack into the carpet, dangerously close to his illustrious grandfather's foot without interference or procest. "We know without interference or protest. "We know now." remarked Gen. Wallace to the Presi-dent-elect, "who will have the most influ-ence with the Administration."

A Patriarchs' Ball.

[Clara Belle's Letter to Philadelphia Press.] Wherein does a Patriarchs' ball differ in aspect from other well-dressed dancing occasions? Not in any essential particular. The ball-room at Delmonico's, when filled with an assemblage whose women are in fine toilets, presents a handsome spectacle. There is supper is announced and then comes a scram-bie such as everywhere, upon all sorts of occasions, characterizes the most cultured of occasions, characterizes the most cultured of men and women as animals who like to eat and drink. Supper is served at small tables that are placed very numerously in the restaurant, the hallways and even in the passages that lead to the public cafe. The viands are very good indeed, comprising the items usually found on a Delmonico bill of fare, beginning with oysters and soup, including several kinds of choice game, ending with ices and permeated liberally with wine. A little claret is drunk and a vast deal of champagne, the latter being opened as fast and as long as there is any demand for it.

They "Swore Like Our Army in Flanders" may be said of many sufferers from biliousness, headache, coustipation, indigestion and their resultant irritability, intellectual sluggishness, ennui, &c. The temptation to thus violate a sacred commandment, however, is speedily and permanently removed by the use of Da. Pirace's Pirasant Perlicipanting, little sugar-coated anti-bilious granules; nothing like them. One a dose. Druggists.

ABOUT! BROOKLYNITES.

Sergt. Robert Reed is fond of horses and dogs, Coroner Geo. H. Lindsay is rapidly growing

Court Officer William Terrieri's eyesight is Capt. Martin is the possessor of rare detec-

tive ability. Mr. Thomas Meadon, of Greenpoint avenue

is still dabbling in politics. Dohn Hamilton is one of the most affable ser geants in the Seventh Precinct.

Constable Edward J. Murtagh is one of the most popular men in the Fourteenth Ward. Sergt. Phillips, of the Brooklyn Bridge force, s immersed in the study of the dead languages. County Auditor Daniel Lake has converted his

Wallace Blackford, of Greene avenue, near Bedford, is spending the holidays at Lakewood,

office in the Court-House into a photograph gal-

Officer William Applegate wears seven stripe on each sleeve, and is willing to wear seven

Miss May Pettite is entertaining friends from Rutherford, N. J., at her home, No. 314 Adams street. Roundsman Weiser, of the Thirteenth Pre

cinct, is a stockholder in the Brooklynes

The oldest sporting reporter in Brooklyn is John Chadwick. He is said to have invented baseball. Ex-School Commissioner Fitzgibbon glories in

the fact that he is father of the Dupont street public school. City Court Judge Osborne is still confined to

his house by sickness. He has not been out for several months past. Miss Katie White, of Ovart, N. Y., is spending

the holidays with her uncle. Francis H. White, of No. 339 Bridge street. Sidney Coombs, for whom the police have been looking for several months past, was arrested on Bedford avenue yesterday morning and

taken before Justice Walsh, who had issued the warrant. He was held for examination. James L. Drummond, the newly appointed member of the Board of Education from the Seventeenth Ward, is a dignified and highly educated gentleman.

The Rev. Job G. Bass, chaplain of the Ray mond Street Jail and Kings County Penitentiary, is deeply interested in the establishment of a State Reformatory for girls. Musical Leader Allen is one of the oldest living

fifty years ago and has played at the performances of famous stars of two generations. James Monahan, the portly Superintendent of Poor of Queens County is frequently seen in Brooklyn. He is not handsome, but his genial

musicians. He played the violin in London over

Miss Rebreca Philp, daughter of the late Kenward Philp, the noted wit and journalist, has developed a decided talent for painting in oil. She has just barely entered her teens.

good nature makes every one his friend.

Deputy Police Commissioner and ex-Assemblyman Thos. Farrell is still affected with an occasional attack of Albany fever and journeys to the capital to mix with old legislative friends.

telegraph business is sufficient to keep him pretty active, but he is always promptly at his

overwrought nerves.

office for nearly nine years in the Volunteer Department, and in the new department rose from driver to his present position. Thomas J. Barry, the genial political writer for the Brooklyn Times, was presented with a gold headed cane by his friends in South Brooklyn,

failed to find words to express his feelings. Supt. Van Keuren, of bridge travel, has to count the public moneys every day, but declares he dislikes working on holidays. He didn't even know this was lesp year until told recently, and gave as an exuse the fact that he is married.

yesterday. "Tom" was surprised and for once

Cashier E. J. Whitlock, of the Board of Education, received a unique Christmas gift. When he first looked at it be thought it was a prayerbook from his Sunday-school class, but when he opened it, found it was a pack of cards and poker

the Tabernacle Congregational Church, which meets in a little store on Fulton street, near Rocksway avenue. Last Sunday night be and Mrs. Halliday journeyed up there for the second

Dr. John M. Loretz, organist of St. Agnes's Church, Hoyt and Sackett streets, received an engraved gold-headed cane on Monday. Members of the volunteer choir were the donors, it being a token of their appreciation of his labore in their behalf.

Col. Bob Townsend, once of Gov. Cleveland's staff, is now interested in railroad building. He says that with the completion of the Oyster Bay Railroad, an era of prosperity will strike that town which will send it far ahead of the more pretentious villages which now look upon Oyster Bay as a sleepy cross-roads settlement.

Police Commissioner James D. Bell is a stanch Democrat and the son-in-law of Henry Hamilton, the wealthy Republican liveryman who during the Low Mayoralty campaign placed \$10,000 in bets upon that successful candidate from the top of a coach which was daily drawn to the City Hall Square by eight

gray steeds. Thrown from His Carriage.

Park Policeman Ryan saw that a wagon had een overturned, when he reached the vicinity of Eighty-fifth street and the West Side Drive, about 7 o'clock yesterday evening. He found one man badly injured, reclin-ing on the knee and arm of another man, who was unhurt. The first man was T. G. Pattersen, of No. 77 Jane street, and the other was his friend, John Spence, of the same address. They had been driving and and the other was his friend, John Spence, of the same address. They had been driving and the horse took fright, ran away and wrecked the vehicle. Mr. Pattersen was badly injured, having sustained a scalp wound and concus-sion of the brain. He was in a dazed condition and seemed to feel that he was in dan-ger of dying. The injured man was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital in an almost unconscious condition. ondition. He told the policeman that in case of his death his property should go to his wife. Mr. Patter-en was still alive at midnight.

---Do you want a good dinner in the evening, with the best wines? If so go to MOUQUIN BRUTAURANT & WINE Co., Fulton and Ann ste. "."

SHOT AFTER SHE PRAYED.

KITTY VAN WINKLE CARRIED WOUNDED INTO FLORENCE MISSION.

She Left the Mission at 1.30 A. M. After Joining 400 Other Women in Prayer, Praise and Testimony-An Hour Later She Was Found Bleeding from a Mys-

The Florence Mission, at 21 Bleecker street, was the scene of gayety last night and almost of a tragedy early this morning.

There gathered in the dining-room of the the Mission last night nearly 400 women of all degrees, types and conditions, who were furnished with a Christmas dinner, preceded and followed by prayer, experience and praise meetings in the modest chapel of the institution.

Among the early callers was Kitty Van Winkle, a petite blonde, who even now bears traces of early refinement and beauty. Kitty eft the house about 1.30 A. M., after the religious exercises, ostensibly to return to her room at 44 Great Jones street.

At 2.30 o'clock in the morning Kitty staggered up to Mamie Smith, an older and more depraced sister in sin, who was walking in the Bowery, near Grand street, and grasped her by the arm. Kitty was pale and trembling and blood was flowing from her left arm. "Take me to the Florence Mission," she

aid.
"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mamie. "I have been shot," said Kitty, "but don't ask me who did it or where it happened," feebly moaned the injured girl.

Mamie took Kitty by the arm and supported her until they reached the Mission building.

building.

Detective Lecson, of the Mercer street station, came, and when Kitty had railied, questioned her as to how and by whom she was
shot, but the girl was obdurate, and, if shot
by a man, she was determined to shield him,
and positively declined to give any informa-

Kitty was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital and is doing well. The police think generally that Kitty shot hereif, and, becoming frightened at the flow of blood, preferred being sent to the hospital from the Mission to

A GREAT SHIPBUILDER.

Sir William Pearce, Who Built the Etruric and Many Other Fast Boats. [From the Philadelphia Telegraph.]

William Pearce, whose death muonneed, was the son of an Admiratty official, was born in 1835 and was educated as a naval architect and engineer at Chatham. His career has been coincident with the development of ocean steam navigation and iron shipbuilding. After serving as manager of the shipbuilding yards of Messrs. Robert Napier & Sons, of Glasgow, he entered the famous firm of John Elder & Co. as one of the original partners when it was established in 1870, and in 1878 he became the sole part-ner in that firm which is now known as the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company. At times the firm has employed upwards of 6,000

the capital to mix with old legislative friends.

Doorkeeper Rocheford, of the Park, has been doing two men's work for many years. His telegraph business is sufficient to keep him pretty active, but he is always promptly at his post in the theatre.

Dr. Meredith finds himself greatly wrought up every Sunday evening after the services of the days. He has sometimes read far into the hours of the night in the hope of calming his overwrought nerves.

One of the most popular fire laddies in Brooklyn is genial District-Engineer Frost. He held office for nearly nine years in the Volunteer. the Etruria the westward passage in 6 days, 1 hour and 50 minutes in September last. Mr. Pearce also designed and built vessels which reach New Zealand in thirty-six days and Australia in twenty-eight days; and within the past two years he opened a route to the East over exclusively opened a route to the East over exclusively british territory by means of three of his own steamers, which sail from Vancouver, the terminous of the Canadian Pacific Railway. During the Egyptian campaign, when the British army was in distress in the Soudan, Mr. Pearce built in twenty-one days no fewer than twelve steam vessels, and landed them at Suez thirty-five days after signing the contract, Lord Hartington, as War Minister, wrote him a special letter of thanks for his remarkable feat, which prevented much suffering and loss of life.

fering and loss of life.

Sir William Pearce, who was unmarried at the time, figured in an ugly scandal three years ago. He was publicly thrashed in Lonyears ago. He was publicly thrashed in London by a Glasgow man named Francis, for the alleged reason that he had led astray the latter's daughter. Francis declared that the great shipbuilder enticed his daughter away from the school which she was attending near Glasgow, took her to London, and established her there in handsome apartiments, with a weekly allowance of \$75; that he finally thred of her, and by withdrawing her allowance reduced her to such desperation that she became troublesome to him, when he caused her to be confined in a private madcaused her to be confined in a private madhouse. Acting on this assumed state of affairs, when Francis met Mr. Pearce accidentally in the streets of London in August, 1883, he challenged him to fight a duel on the Continent, and when the challenge was refused, proceeded to give him a caning. He kept up the punishment until the stick broke in his hand and the bystanders rushed in and rescued his victim. The affair created a great sensation at the time, which was increased when the young woman publicly declared that, while she had been on too intimate terms with Mr. Pearce, the latter had not betrayed her. She further declared that her father was simply a blackmailer.

Congressman Wise's Recentric Father. [Gath, in the Cincinnati Enquirer.] Said I: "Wise, are all the stories I used to

hear about your father's eccentricities true?" "I don't know. I heard a story about my father once, however, which lingered in my mind. Where he lived, on the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland, the people used to attend vendues and public sales. Now and then some old curmudgeon would go to these sales to drive a hard bargain. There was a certain family sold out at the death of their certain family sold out at the death of their head, and they especially valued the sugar-bowl. The story about my father is that he was at the sale and some fellow began to bid on this sugar-bowl, till he got beyond the reach of the descendants. As it was knocked off to him the auctioneer said: 'Mr. Jones, you have bought the sugar-bowl, but it is full of sugar.' 'Never mind,' said the buyer. 'the article carries the contents. I insist on whatever is due to me,' 'Now, I do not know about that,' remarked the auctioneer. 'the article carries the contents. I insist on whatever is due to me.' 'Now, I do not know about that,' remarked the auctioneer.' I will leave it to Gen. Wise out there, who is a lawyer.' 'Yes.' replied Wise. 'this secondrel is right. The bowl carries the contents. For that advice, however, I charge him \$10 as a lawyer, and I levy on the sugar-bowl now. Just turn it over to the heirs unless he pays me my fee.'"

GAMBLERS ON UNCLE SAM'S GROUND. An Exciting Came of "Crap" Played in a

Post-Office Alcove. Eight boys on their knees in a circle in one

of the Park Row alcoves of the granite Post-Office with their heads in the centre attracted the attention of an Evening World reporter this morning. A middle-aged man, with long, brown

beard, was pacing up and down, occasionally stopping to look indignantly at the kneeting

stopping to look indignantly at the kneeling group and again to gaze up and down the street.

This was Dr. Durland, and he was looking for that hidden thing when you want it, a New York policeman, for the boys were gambling.

The reporter entered the spacious alcove and looked on and waited for developments.

The boys were black and white, or, rather, were once white, and at least five nations were represented.

were once white, and at least five nations were represented.
They played with two dice, and the stake was maked by the post pennies, which they tossed carelessly on the stone.
The reporter watched, but the game was a myster.

mystery.

'What is the game?" he asked.

'Crap," was the laconic reply of a colored bootblack, who never lifted his eyes from the

But a hunchback newsboy not more than ten years old scrambled to his feet, with 'Say, boss, lend me two cents till I go in The reporter shook his head gravely and asked: 'How much can you win or lose at

asked: "How much can you win or lose at crap?"

"Millien dollars, if you play big enough," replied the little hunchback, adding, besechingly: "Come on, boss, stake a feller! I lost my paper money, and I'm broke."

At this point a Post-Office employee rushed out and at the ragged gambiers and the boys scampered in all directions, not, however, until one of the very smallest, a curly-headed colored boy, had gathered up the six or eight pennies in the "pot" and the cubical implements of the gamesters.

Dr. Durland looked relieved, but declared that the police ought to stop the gambling, and could if they would.

WOMEN AT MONTE CARLO.

Typical Lena Despards Who Are to Be Seen at the Gaming Table.

[From a Nice Letter.] It is ladies like Mrs. Despard who throw clamour over what goes on at the Casino, in Monte Carlo. Before she and her friends came the women who crowded about the tables were an unprepossing lot. There was the old Princess Kisseleff, who came to Hom. burg the very first season M. Blanc opened his kursaal there, and she followed him to Monaco and fought his crouplers every winter for nearly twenty years, and then she died

almost a pauper. The Russian Princess never was a beauty and never a cosmopolitaine. She knew nothing of the arts feminine. Her gowns and her

ing of the arts feminine. Her gowns and her bonnets were hideous; her face, out of which peered a pair of buzzard's eyes, was yellow and scamed by countless lines that told of cares for self. She was what her passion for play had made her—a woman unsoxed, unloved and unlovable.

Then there were those other women—oxeyed, languid, full-bodiced, olive-skinned, who came from heaven knows where, some of them Orientals emaucipated from harem life, and with all an Oriental's love for gold. To these what a contrast is Lena! A woman, though a harpy; a gambler who knows that the big stakes in life are, after all, not those which depend upon an ivory ball or the turn of a card, and who, though she risks her rouleaux with proper eagerness to win, will

to break the bank, and returns to Paris or London, makes her milliner and her tailor a handsome payment, and enjoys life in the consciousness of virtue. But does she break the bank often? Well, I'm afraid not. Still, inasmuch as Lena hasn't a very large capital to lose, she isn't very much the worse off having lost it than she was before.

It is the men who plunge the most heavily against the bank—men from all parts of Europe and not a few rich fools from the United States. Let me lay before your readers a simple little calculation that will show them what gambling at Monte Carlo means.

The management admits that its annual

them what gambling at Monte Carlo means. The management admits that its annual profits are \$3,500,000—in fact it is over \$5,000,000. Now, inasmuch as the chances of the table are 1 to 36 in favor of the bank, to gain annually \$3,500,000, which it professes to do, \$120,000,000 must have been staked on its tables—must have been won and lost. The bank's \$3,500,000 profit is its royalty—at the rate of 1 in 36—on this enormous amount of money which must therefore have been played, lost and won. It is this fact of the gambler dealing with large masses of money that partly accounts for the fascination exercised by gambling. A careful player who begins here with, say \$1,000 capital may have fingered, according to the ful player who begins here with, say \$1,000 capital may have fingered, according to the doctrine of chances, \$36,000 before he loses his capital. If he plays long enough the bank royalty of 1 in 36 is sure to swallow up his capital, and then he has had all the emotion of having been alternately successful or the reverse, rich or poor. At Monte Carlo the bank royalty must inevitably ruin all who play constantly long enough to have risked their capital threty-six times.

have risked their capital thirty-six times.

The annual profits of the tables exceed the annual aggregate income of all the Vanderbilts. During the lifetime of M. Blanc it was easy enough to get a statement of the amount, Blane delighted in letting it be known what a wonderfully prosperous fellow he was. His daughters, who married princes, are not proud of the source of their wealth, and since their father's death have sought to divert attention from themselves and their affairs as much as possible. M. Wagatha is now the general manager of the Casino, and be has lately given it out that the net profits of the tables last year were only \$1,250,000,or one-fourth of what they used to be Frank Sauger Is Improving

Frank Sanger, the well-known manager of the Broadway Theatre, has been lying seriously ill

for the last three or four days at his apartnents in the Hotel Vendomes. At midnight last night it was reported by his physician, Dr. Tinker, that he had so considerably improved that it was expected he would be himself again in a couple of days. Bonds of Union. [From the Chicago Mail.]

There is a growing demand among Canadians for American sausage. When the people of Canada show such a strong liking for the product of the United States it is proof positive that the two races are becoming closely linked.

A Love Match.

[From the Lowisville Past.]
It is said that British society is excited over the announcement that the Duke of Newcastle is going to marry the Honorable Miss Candy. There is no doubt this is a love match, for the Honorable Miss ought to be a very sweet girl.

2 O'CLOCK.

Gebhard were making their way to the Lee

Anson Beaten Four Games Out of the Five Played.

Mutrie Thinks Crane Is the Man Who Does the Business.

Mike Kelly Says Anson Is Not a Good

Catcher.

Record of Games Played in Australia.

appright, 1888, by the Press Publishing Company (New York World). DEPUCIAL CARLE DESPATCH TO THE WORLD 1 ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, Dec. 26 .-The American baseball players arrived here yesterday and to-day played a game in the

The result-was: All-America...... 19 Chicago 14

presence of a big crowd.

In conversation with an Eventro World

In conversation with an Evenino World reporter this morning, Manager Mutrie said:

"All I care about the Australian venture is the success of Ed Crane. I knew he was a great pitcher when I got him and I never had any reason to change my mind. Watch his work against Anson now. He is winning game after game and has been hit hard but once.

"You may put down that 'around-the-world' scheme as telegraphed to The World scheme as telegraphed to The World by Ward as bosh. Scalding is too shrewd to attempt it. He will have his fill of advertising without visiting Europe, and that's all he wants. I can't understand the reports which state that Anson is jealous of Ward. I think Anson is too good a player and knows his worth too much to show any feeling against Ward. Ward is, of course, a fine player and, under certain circumstances a good captain, but he has himself often referred to Anson as an example of baseball generalship to be closely followed. Anse is probably sore over his many defeats, and perhaps in his gruff way shown it, but that he is jealous of All-America's captain because All-America wins I don't believe.

"The secret of the victories seems to be the pitching of Ed Crane."

don't believe.

"The secret of the victories seems to be the pitching of Ed Crane."

Mike Kelly, who, by the way, says he will be high-cock-a-lorum of the Boston team next season, says: "The All-America team ought to win. Look at the Chicago battery—Baldwin and Anson, Why, Anson couldn't catch a train if he, started now and had until to-morrow morning."

Baseball in Havana. HAVANA, Cuba, via Key West, Dec. 27,-A

team of American ball players arrived here Saturday and on Christmas Day defeated the Havana Club by a score of 9 to 5. A large crowd witnessed the play. McMahon and Collins formed the American

SUNK IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

The British Steamer Storm Queen Goes Down-Six Lives Were Lost. INY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION 1 London, Dec. 27 .- The British steamer

Storm Queen has foundered in the Bay of The captain and five other persons were

Anxionaly Awaiting the Board's Report.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 27.—The grievances f the employees of the Rochester and Brighton Street Railway are being investigated by the Street Railway are being investigated by the State Board of Arbitration, which is in session at the Powers Hotel. The men claim that two of their number were unjustly discharged by the Company for being too active in the employees' organization. A strike on all of the various roads was threatened, but pending the report of the Board the men bave agreed to continue work.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

PITTSBURO, Pa., Dec. 27. - James T. Moffett, nember of the present Congress from the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania District, has been admitted to the insane asylum at North Warren as a private patient. The difficulty seems to be excessive nervousness, which was brought on by the arduous labors of the recent campaign,

Maine's Sons to Be Here April 30.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 27, -Gov. Marble has appointed these Commissioners to attend the ration in New York April 30: James G. Blaine, Arthur Sewall, Payson Tucker, Judges Artemas Libby and Join A. Peters, W. L. Putnam, ex-Gov. Selden Connor, Lewis Barker, Charles F. Libby. entennial celebration of Washington's inaugu-

Trying to Defraud His Own Daughter. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] MONTREAL, Dec. 27,-Miss Carrie Miller, nandsome young lady of twenty-two, has prought suit against her father to recover \$30,000 and real estate which was left her by her mother. Mr. Miller got his daughter to sign a paper abandoning all claims to her mother's estate, since which Miss Miller has been without a home except that provided by friends.

Clifton Entries for To-Morrov [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CLIPTON HACE TRACK. N. J., Dec. 27 .- The programme and entries at Clifton for Friday. Dec. 28, are as follows:

First Hace—Furse \$250; six and one-half furlongs selling allowances.—Bishop, 118. Wayward, 112. Sir Roderick, 110. Marsh Redom, 106; J. J. Healy, 106 Vitello, 102; Woodstock, 101; Songster, 100; Maste, 127. U7 lb. Second Race-Purss \$250; six and one-half furiongs; selling allowances.—Harrodeburg, 112; Richelteu 112; Alice, 100; Volatile, 100; Mattie Looram, 107; Pegasus, 106; Can't Tell, 104; Alas T., 102; lb.
Third Bace-Purss \$250; three-quarters of a mile; selling allowances.—Puturity, 105; John Arkins, 105; He, 107; ida Bell, 100; lb.
Fourth Race-Purss \$250; saven-eighths of a mile.—Specialty, 115; Anomaly, 115; Masie, 115; Golden Best 115; Woodstock, 115 lb.
Fifth Race-Purss \$500; handicap; mile and an article and 100; Received.

FREDDIE GEBHARD SLEPT. HAS SHE KILLED HERSELF?

LONG-AWAITED OPPOPTUNITY.

hat Little Bill of 808 for Mrs. Langtry's Louis XVI. Screen was Fifteen Months Overdue and Freddy Has Cleverly Escaped Service of the Sammons-Caught at Last in His Carriage.

Freddy Gebhard is in a peck of trouble. At the ferry-house door at East Twentyhird street last evening Private Detective J. C. Patterson suddenly pulled open the door of the coupe wherem Mrs. Langtry and

Avenue Opera-House, Williamsburg. The detective stuffed a legal document into the astonished Freddy's hands as the latter was enjoying a deep, sweet sleep. The Jersey Lily was in a similar condition,

and reclining her beautiful head on the enshions. The document was a summons issued by

Lawyer John Henry Hull, of 200 Broadway, in behalf of his client, Mr. Arthur H. Lam-son, manager of R. G. Dunlap's downtown store.
The detective closed the door, and by the faint, flickering light of the carriage lamps the scion of a noble race read that he was allowed twenty days in which to explain why

allowed twenty days in which to explain why
he should not pay \$98 to Mr. Lamson.
Until last March Mr. Lamson was Edgar S.
Allien's partner in the fancy furniture and
bric.a-brac business at 178 Fifth avenue. Mr.
Lamson then retired, and in the settlement
that ensued Mr. Lamson was awarded the
firm's caim against Mr. Gebhard.
On Oct. 6, 1887, according to Mr. Allien.
Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Gebhard entered the
store.

Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Gebnard entered the store.

"Oh, Fred, what a beautiful screen. How I should like to present it to my friend Mrs. Baron Blanc for Christmas."

"You know, dearest," responded the evergallant Freddy, "that you have but to make a wish, and if it is in my power it shall be gratified. Of course, the screen is yours to do what you please with.

"Charce this screen and the bonbonniere on it to me," he said, turning to the sales; man,

on it to me," he said, turning to the sales; man,

The bonbonniere Mrs. Langtry appropriated for herself, and carried away in her own lovely hands. The screen, a beautiful Louis XVI. Veronis Martin, was left in the store until near Christmas, when Mr. Gebhard's lackey came in and ordered it sent to Mrs. Baron Blanc, 16 West Twenty-third street.

The bill for the goods was faithfully sent on the 1st of each month to Mr. Gebhard. He paid no attention to it further than to reply to them in neatly worded notes, saying he would be around shortly, &c., &c., fatuous promises which both the sender and recipients knew were made never to be fulfilled.

When fifteen minutes had gone by Mr. Lawson vowed he would collect his little bill in spite of the suave evasions of the slippery

Lawson vowed he would collect his little bill in spite of the suave evasions of the slippery sprip of fashion. He started Sheriff Hugh J. Grant's deputies at trying to serve summonses upon the delinquent.

They were smart, but Freddy was still smarter. They could never lay hands on him. He fitted hither and thither, always beyond their reach.

him. He flitted hither and thither, always beyond their reach.

When Mr. Gebhard went to Europe last September the deputies thought they had their prey sure, but when they laid hands on him on the steamer just prior to ber leaving the dock, he told them he was Frederick Brown and not Gebhard. It was all a mistake.

Unless "Freddy" files an answer to the summons before twenty days a sheriff will be deputed to serve an execution. If this does not bring a settlement of the claim then, an order from the Supreme Court calling upon Freddy to present himself in Supreme Court Chambers will be issued and he will have to appear there forthwith and give an account of his financial standing.

PASTOR DOWNS'S SON ASSAULTED. Who Is the Mysterious Assailant of the Noted Minister's Scion?

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WOLLD.) Boston, Dec. 27 .- Cornelius Downs, oldest son of Rev. W. W. Downs, of Somerville, has, according to his own statement, been the victim of several mysterious and unwarrantable assaults recently.

"The Saturday evening before Thanksgiving," he says. "about 8 o'clock, I was walking up the hill on Harvard street, when walking up the hill on Harvard street, when a man who was standing by a tree on the other side of the road jumped out and chased me. I was frightened and ran home as fast as I could go. I could not see his face plainly, but remembered his general appearance. Two weeks later I was coming up the same street in company with my intle brother. Milton, when I saw the man again. He started for us, but we rushed into Mr. Robinson's house near by and he went off.

About a week later I was coming up "About a week later I was coming up Harvard street again, about 6.30 o'clock, when we met again. He grabbed me with both hands and said: 'Now I've got you. If you make any noise I will fix: you.' He then took a razor from his pocket. He then said: 'Give me your glove,' which he took. He then struck me, knocking me down, and ran off. I went home and told my father, and he reported the case to the police."

Wednesday evening young Downs was found insensible on the sidewalk on Harvard street, and upon being taken up and carried home he said he had again been knocked down by the strange man. The case was given to the Somerville police, who are now investigating it.

Judge Boyle Died Intestate. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] Perranua, Dec. 27,-Charles E. Boyle, Inte-Supreme Judge of Washington Territory and member of the Forty-ninth Congress, who died recently, made no provision for the disposition of his fortune of \$200,000.

Headlong From His Scuffold. At 7.30 this morning William Bartle. employed on a new building at Ninth avenue and Ninty-third street, fell headlong to the ground and was instantly killed. He was forty years old. Sixty-seventh street and Eleventh avenue, while

Early this morning Officer Patrick J. Harrigan, of the Prince street station, was taken with a fit at 442 Broome street and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital.

A Policeman Taken with a Fit.

Recping the Pledge. [From the Cartoon.]

" I've got to be mighty careful in my drink ing for a spell," said Wiggletop, drearily. ook the pledge Saturday night, and, well—gives a little water in this.

> Denied the Insinuation. (From the Washington Past.)

"You are a highwayman," exclaimed an irate citizen to a short coal dealer.
''Oh, no. I'm not, was the pleasant reply,
''I'm a low-weigh man.'

AND DETECTIVE PATTERSON SAW HIS SCHOONMAKER'S PARAMOUR DISAPPEARS FROM BROOKLYN.

> Her Two Brothers in Town Looking for Her-The Murdered Wife's Body at the House of a Relative-Schoonmaker Proven to Be an Unmitigated Scamp-

Mamie Wood, the young girl who voluntarily made public her scandalous relations with Harry Schoonmaker, the young man who shot his wife and himself at 69 Bond street, Brooklyn, last Sunday morning, has disappeared, and her relatives fear that she has committed suicide.

Two of her brothers, upon reading the published story of her disgrace yesterday morning, came from their country home. near Newburg, on the Hudson, to look after

They went to Mrs. Patterson's house at 262 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, where she had been stopping, last night, only to find that she had gone, leaving no clue to her whereabouts.

They are very respectable young men, and the shame that has come upon them through their unfortunate sister has bowed them down

with grief.
The girl left every little trinket she posessed behind her, except the silver chatelaine watch which Schoonmaker gave her when returning from their eventful trip to Asbury Park.

It was inscribed, "Harry, 1887," and be told her during a subsequent interview that it was given to him by a woman who would never have the laugh on him.

He also gave her a ring, she told Mrs. Patterson, with the remark : "It was his wife's wedding ring. See how

much he loves me." She did not show the ring. Mrs. Patterson told an Evening World reporter this morning that in case she should not be heard of to-day, detectives would be engaged to look for her. A friend of the fam-ily doubted that she had made way with her-self. He said:

"I am afraid she has done something."

worse than committing suicide. The girl by her own confession has blasted her life and ruined her reputation. She has not the spirit to live the scandial down and make a better woman of herself. I think she will be next heard of in some place of doubtful char-acter.

Death mercifully ended the sufferings of unfortunate Mrs. Schoonmaker in the Long Island College Hospital yesterday afternoon.

Island College Hospital yesterday afternoon. She was not taken to her father's home at 14 Third street, as has been stated.

The reason why, the father told The Evenino Woeld reporter this morning:

"If we brought her home," he said, "I fear a mob of curious people would throng the house, and that would just drive my women folks crazy. My poor girl's body is now in her coffin at the house of a relative here in Brooklyn."

"When will she be buried?"

"May be to-morrow, but the funeral may be deferred until Saturday. We have not completed arrangements for the end yet. Some of our relatives out of town want to be present, and for that reason the funeral may not take place until Saturday," he concluded, while he was speaking, his wife, a pleasant, motherly looking lady, stood by crying bitterly.

A young girl, also weeping, dandled the

motherly looking lady, stood by crying terly.

A young girl, also weeping, dandled the poor little fourteen-months-old baby of the Schoonmakers' on her lap.

The innocent orphan crowed and clapped its little hands with delight when the reporter chucked him under the chin.

If possible the terrible tragedy that deprived him of father and mother will be kept.

When old enough to understand he

prived him of father and mother will be kept secret. When old enough to understand he will be informed that father and mother died suddenly when he was a baby.

Proof is constantly accumulating to show that Schoonmaker was a heartless scamp.

He ill-treated his wife almost constantly of late. He claimed that he was only receiving \$12 a week when he was really getting \$15.

On the plea of poverty he was constantly receiving financial assistance from his father-in-law, Mr. Magnus. This he spent on himself and his pleasures.

His wife loyally shielded him and never complained.

omplained.

About three years ago he was employed as a clerk in the Water Department. His fellow-clerks did not care for him much. He was too much of a dude, and a boy in his actions. While there he passed a forged check on Baldwin, the clothier, in payment for a suit of clothes.

He was spared arrest by his father, who made the check good, but the matter led to his dismissal by Water Purveyor Hawkes. Schoonmaker was buried in Haverstraw yesterday. The body was attired in a dress suit which he had redeemed for the purpose at Heaney's pawnshop, on Atlantic avenue,

suit which he had redeemed for the purpose at Heaney's pawnshop, on Atlantic avenue, yesterday a week ago.

Mamie Wood was with him when he got it out. She waited for him in a doorway near by. They went to a saloon afterwards, and he showed her the clothes, saying:

"When I kill myself I want these duds to be buried in. I don't want my wife to have any trouble planting me."

any trouble planting me."

The same time he redeemed a gold watch and a revolver, paying for all \$21. He seemed to be well supplied with money that day, but he was broke the following Satur-

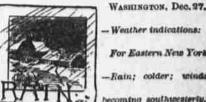
day.

He went into a cigar store near his house and borrowed 10 cents to get to New York with. He returned the loan in the evening, saying: ... I have money enough now to last me as

long as 1 live."
He was dead before another twenty-four hours rolled around.
Young men who knew him well say that he Young men who knew him well say that he was always a favorite with women, and that he was a born gambler, but not fond of drinking.

The police in Brooklyn are wendering if Mainie Wood was ever known as Middleton. They say they are well acquainted with a girl of that name, who used to patrol Fulton and other Brooklyn thoroughfares in search of chance acquaintances a couple of years ago,

Rainy and Colder Weather.



For Eastern New York

becoming southwesterly The Weather To-Day.

Indicated by Blakely's tele-thermometer:

1888, 1887, 1888, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888, 1887, 1888,